Give me the victory of this queſtion, which
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne
Of thy great pleaſure.

Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſeene to flutter, they fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie raign'ſt
In mortall boſomes, whoſe chaſe is this world
And we in heards thy game; I give thee thankes
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in aſſurance *They bow.*
My body to this buſineſſe: Let us riſe
And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on: *Exeunt.*
Still Muſicke of Records.

Enter Emilia *in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a wheaten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver Hynde, in whic his conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odours, which being ſet upon the Altar her maides ſtanding a loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curteſey and kneele.*

Emilia. O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Prieſt
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Behe'd thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine eare
(Which nev'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port
Ne're entred wanton ſound,) to my petition
Seaſond with holy feare; This is my laſt
Of veſtall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I ſhould
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſſe, but I
Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes,
Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious,

I could doombe neither, that which pe
Goe too't unſentenc'd: Therefore moſt
He of the two Pretenders, that beſt love
And has the trueſt title in't, Let him
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or elſe g
The ſtyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

Here the Hynde vaniſhes under the place aſcends a Roſe Tree, having one

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flo
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar
With ſacred act advances: But one Roſ
If well inſpird, this Battaile ſhal confoun
Both theſe brave Knights, and I a virgin
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

Here is heard a ſodaine twang of Inſ
Roſe falls from the Tree.

The flowre is falne, the Tree deſcends:
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſhall be gath
I thinke ſo, but I know not thine owne w
Vnclaſpe thy Miſterie: I hope ſhe's plea
Her Signes were gratious.

They ca

Scæna 2. *Enter Doctor, Iaylor and W*
Palamon.

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done a
Wooer. O very much; The maids that hep
Have halfe perſwaded her that I am *Pal*
Halfe houre ſhe came ſmiling to me, and
Would eate, and when I would kiſſe her
Preſently, and kiſt her twice.

Doct. T was well done; twentie times
For there the cure lies mainely.

Wooer. Then ſhe told me
She would watch with me to night, for
What houre my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her doe ſo,
And when your fit comes, fit her home,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Mal. 24